

Contributed

THE LAST SCENE.

By Rev. R. D. Carmichael.

Come with me to a hill over against Bethany to that scene where his disciples are bidding Jesus farewell. Calvary is behind. Gethsemane is over and Pilate's Judgment Hall. The grave is past and he is about to take his eternal place at the right of the Father. Around him is a little band of followers who constitute his church upon earth. It is the hour of parting and he is about to speak his last words before ascending to the Father. Is he thinking of himself, of the throne and the Father's smile awaiting him? Is he going over the memories of the past and thinking of the friends who have followed him and now will miss him? No, he is thinking about you. One might suppose that he would think mainly of those who love him: but not so: turning to his disciples, his great heart bursting with compassion, he gives them his farewell charge, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Jesus teaches as the foundation of this command that all authority in heaven and earth is given to him. He is exalted to the right hand of God, but not to idle honors. His throne is one of power over sin and death to be used in conquering the world for righteousness. Through this authority he directs his disciples, and this is the reason for missions. You can never get around missions until you find some way to get around the authority of Christ. The church that neglects missions is disregarding the express orders of her Lord.

It is often said that there are not preachers enough to meet the demands in preaching the gospel to the whole world. That may be true. But every living Christian is a preacher. There are a hundred ways to preach Jesus without taking a text and standing in a pulpit. You are preaching some kind of gospel. It is the sermons in shoes that must convert the world.

You preachers of this gospel must not wait for the world to come to Christ. You must go and preach to every creature. A Christian is one who obeys Christ, and you can not obey him without furthering the cause of missions. Some say that Christianity is not suited to the needs of every nation and people; others say that there are better ways of doing good to all the world; others still, that what is accomplished is not worth the pains taken. There are many good arguments by which to answer singly these and all other objections. But there is one which refutes them all together. The Captain of our army has given us marching orders and we must obey. We do not know what he is doing elsewhere and so we can not tell what is best. Ours is to go forward and storm the batteries. If the enemy's fortifications seem impregnable, remember that Jesus may have a force on the other side at work also.

Our little heart with its sometime little hope is not to be the measure of our effort. The amplitude of Christ's outlook is the fulness which we ought to strive for. With the freshness of resurrection power upon him, he looks at mankind and bids us conquer the world for him. Let the greatness of what he has

done for you inspire your ardor of soul for him.

It is not enough simply to go among the heathen. The gospel is spread not only by life, but also through definite instruction. Teach not only to nations but to every creature. The most unlikely are often the first to receive it. Therefore preach to every creature. What! to the hoary-headed heathen whose life is wrapped up in his heathenism? To every creature. To the fierce cannibal gloating over his victim? To every creature. To the wild tenant of the woods whose intellect puts him but slightly above the beasts of the field? To every creature. High and low is not a distinction here.

These brethren are perishing—dying by the million. Are you saying: "I can not go." Perhaps it is true. But are you going as far as you can go? What are you doing? Christ has given much to encourage us in this duty: his teachings, his life, his memories, his presence. The presence of Christ is a vital force in the church. Without him it would die. His presence has secured it till today and will secure it to the end.

This is a factor in church life which persons, looking at it from the outside, do not reckon with. They say that it will die because of this or that force. They have always been saying that the church will die, and all the time its prosperity has continued. Oh, there is a mighty force invisible—the presence of Christ. "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

At Sea July 3, 1909.

Our new staunch Mediterranean twin-screw steamer left New York upon one of the most melting days of June with the thermometer mounting above the nineties, so that the thousand or less passengers on our vessel found ourselves fully ready for less exhausting weather and the ocean breezes that soon found our faces; when outside of Sandy Hook—of course we bid a fond good bye to the tall sky scrapers of New York, after waving farewell to our hundreds of friends at the Hoboken long wharf. There were not apparently many sad hearts or faces among either those on ship board or those left on shore; yet how little can we judge of those around us, and how little can we foretell of the future or if many of us shall meet again.

Although our proud ship swung down the Hudson into the harbor at 11 A. M., we found another large steamer just ahead of us, that we could not pass, and learned that eleven other steamers, more or less like ours, were leaving New York on that Saturday, bound for Europe with perhaps an average of more than 1,000 or 1,500 passengers each. Soon we passed down the Narrows and the Light Ship; letting down our pilot into a little row boat by a long ladder at our gangway, we saw him rowed with our parting "mail bag" to the screw pilot steamer awaiting him. "The Highlands of Nevesink" and the shores of Long Island, soon faded from sight, as we plied swiftly away at the rate of a mile in three minutes; and we were soon out of sight of land, upon the open boundless sea. The ocean then begins to seem to mortal eyes, without end, like the heavens above us, or as an emblem of eternity; and man begins better to realize his insignificance, in its vastness. After our last lingering look at American shores, and a swift survey of the mighty ocean, we